

A. B. Bensley, Mont., 1906.

My Mama's Waiting There

WORDS BY WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Frank W. Sterns

MUSIC BY
Percy Wenrich.

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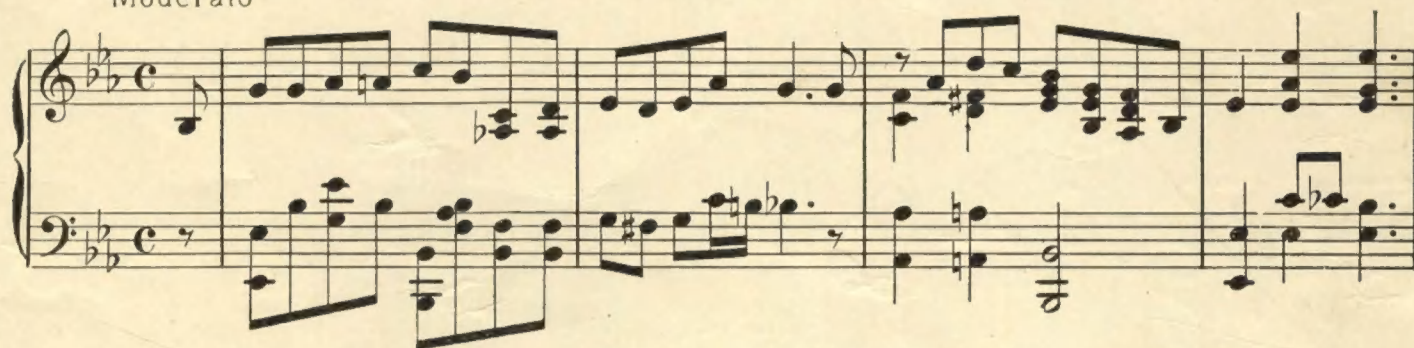
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MY MAMA'S WAITING THERE

Words by FRANK W. STERNS

Music by PERCY WENRICH

Moderato



A kind - ly stranger pass - ing by a door - step just at eve, A
 "Come home with me and you shall play with my own ba - bies dear, No

The first vocal line is written on a single staff in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It begins with a half rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic pattern as the introduction.

lit - tle child found ly - ing in the snow; _____ He
 hun - ger cold or sor - row you shall know;" _____ The

The second vocal line continues the melody from the first line, with a half rest at the end of the first phrase. The piano accompaniment remains consistent, providing a steady harmonic background.

gent - ly raised her in his arms, "Come, tell me what's your name And
strang - er mur - mur'd, as he kissed the lit - tle tear-stained face, And

where's your dear ma - ma"? he whis - pered low. _____ He
from the gold - en ring - lets brush'd the snow. _____ An -

kiss'd her as she soft - ly sigh'd "My name is lit - tle May, My
oth - er kiss up - on her brow he bent to soft - ly press, Then

ma - ma's gone, and now I'm all a - lone, _____ And
start - ed back in an - guish and dis - may, _____ The

oh, I feel so lone - ly, wont you take me to her, please"? The
lit - tle heart lay cold and still, a - las! it was too late, To

ba - by sobbed in wist - ful, plead - ing tone. _____
heav'n the ba - by soul had flown a - way. _____

CHORUS Slow

5

Up at the beau-ti-ful Gates of Gold, My ma-ma's wait-ing there —

With the bright an-gels, so I've been told, In that beau-ti-ful

ci-ty fair; — She'll kiss my sor-row and tears a-

way And love me just as of old, — Please take me to

ma-ma, she's wait-ing for me At the beau-ti-ful Gates of Gold.

This is the



HOME SONG

of the American

People Today

WHEN MY GOLDEN HAIR HAS TURNED TO SILVER GRAY

Words & Music by EDWARD STANLEY

REFRAIN

When my gold - en hair has turned to sil - ver gray, _____ When the

years have come and quickly rolled a way, _____ Will you love me then as now, Will you

kiss my fur - rowed brow, When my gold - en hair has turn'd to sil - ver gray? _____

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